

LUXURIOUS ELEGANCE MARKS FALL AND WINTER FASHIONS

The Purple Gown, Like the Purple Hat, Prominent Among Autumn Costumes—Dress Fabrics Never Handsomer—Evening Frocks Extraordinarily Eclectic—Velvet and Fur Used Lavishly—Satin to Be Worn Greatly

By ELEANOR HOYT BRAINER.

AUTUMN fabrics? Yes, of course they are on view; and though retail houses are holding back many of their choicest things until late in the season the importers and wholesale dealers are reaping their harvest.

Probably they have offered materials as beautiful in other years. One forgets in fickle fashion the favorites of

scarcity of dyestuffs and raw materials has had its basis in fact, and there is certainly an increase in prices all along the line; but the new stuffs do at least look as expensive as they are, and the winter season promises to be one of luxurious elegance in dress.

Velvet and fur again—lavish quantities of both. The new velvets are in all grades and the best of them are lovely beyond telling. Florentine velvets, changeable in coloring and most exquisite, are among the hand-

cards carry many new and fantastic names, all fairly descriptive. For the moment the purple tones are given prominence—a prominence that is calculated to make one hesitate about choosing any one of them, not because they are not beautiful, but because they are likely to be worn too generally. Already the milliners have floated the purple hat to popularity with all classes, and before the season is fairly on the fastidious woman will be tired of the purple hat she chose enthusiastically from the first showing of autumn millinery.

The same oversuccessful career must await the purple frock, but there are many wonderfully lovely shades among them, and some of these shades in exclusive materials may survive the deluge. Most of the imported purple materials, whether dark, or light, have a slightly reddish tone, and the domestic stuffs too exploit many of the reddish, fruity purples, though on the whole they are bluer in tone.

Wine shades approach the borderland of the purples in some cases, but Burgundy and Bordeaux and similar wine reds are extremely modish, and have been taken up very enthusiastically in Paris.

There are some new greens among the handsomest materials—greens of bronze tone, most of them, though there are exceptions to this even among the dark greens, and many clear and bright greens are offered in lighter shades.

"Haricot rouge," kidney bean red, bivoisao are only less popular than the wine reds; and mahogany, that trying and unadaptable color, is being pushed.

The browns are possibly the most satisfactory line of shades shown, and though one hears less about them than about the purples and reds, it would not be surprising if in the long run they proved to be the favorites of the winter season. They range from lightest beige and champagne down through castor and such medium shades as marron to the very dark tete de negre, or African brown, and the Java brown, which is a new tone akin to these two.

Beige takes on various tones, all modish, some more gray than brown, others more brown than gray, and all soft and lovely. The grays, too, run through innumerable tones, some of them differing but very slightly, yet individual for all that; and especially in velvets grays are very desirable.

All of the gold and mustard and lemon and orange toned yellows are included in the new showing, and an unending procession of pink, rose and light red tones flies before one's eyes wherever materials are displayed. As for blues—there is no end to the variations upon the word blue. Bleu Vierges is a new arrival; Patouche is an attractive medium tone; Huguette is soft but rather ineffective (hence the name?); Fornado is a good very dark blue dashed with gray; Petrograd has a touch of green in it, and all of the blues familiar during the past year are represented. No one save the makers will remember the names; but they have a certain interest, as have the names of the new fabrics.

There are the cloths, for example. The handsomest of them have soft velvety surfaces; and because we learned several seasons ago to associate this sort of surface with velours de laine and duvetyn we will probably lump all of these ultra-modish cloths under the heads of velours de laine and duvetyn; but the manufacturers and importers know better.

There are velours de laines and duvetyns, to be sure; but there are the suede weaves, too, suede cloths, suede twill, etc., all suggesting suede leather in finish, but differing in weave and weight. The chenille cloths are thicker than velours de laines, but wonderfully light. Gobelins are silky, hairy, lighter in weight than ever before. Moquette is a new wool with a velvetlike pile. Gloveskin cloth is what its name implies. Snake-skin has a slightly rough though soft surface.

Serges, gabardines, broadcloths and variations upon them are less exclusive than the velvety woollens,

but still modish and more practical for hard wear than most of the others, and tweeds and friezes and homespuns of the kind as usual and in many new colorings.

Cheeks, very often self-toned but also in happy and new combinations of color, are to be worn in many kinds of cloth, and some very subdued and beautiful plaid woollens are among the high class imported stuffs, but stripes figure very little among woollens; are indeed less in evidence throughout all materials than they have been in some time. Taffetas and velvet stripes in one tone effects are exceptions to this ruling, and some very good looking autumn models have been made up in these materials.

One frock that has pleased the most is a distinctly Napoleonic conception whose full but straight skirt is caught in a little at the bottom to hint at First Empire and Directoire scantiness. This skirt is of widely striped taffeta and velvet in all black, the bodice is of black velvet with sleeves of silver lace and a cleverly adjusted scarf of light red on the cerise tone.

Another good model has a skirt of smoky gray velvet and taffeta stripe and a straight Moyaen Age bodice or smock of gray velvet edged here and there with fur.

Satins are numerous and are, it is said, to be worn greatly. Their colorings are legion and lovely and some of the one tone brocaded satins are particularly exquisite. Apropos of brocades, metallic brocades of many kinds are displayed and some particularly gorgeous examples have a ground of brocade in many cleverly blended colors, over which a gold design entirely independent of the other design is thrown, the effect being indescribably rich and harmonious, yet curiously soft.

Brocade taffetas and taffetas in which stripe and brocade are combined are again liked, and there is a new faille that promises well. Faille matinee, it is called, and though its weave is finer than that of the ordinary faille, it has a soft crispness that will recommend it to one who likes a skirt to flare even though robbed of all supporting, horsehair, etc. All of the failles and Gros de Londres weaves are selling well, and so far, though many skirts have collapsed, much fulness is retained and a flare is not out of order. What will come later remains to be seen; but the movement is unquestionably toward straighter and scater skirts, and the later winter may see this movement accelerated, in which case satins will prove more adaptable than faille and its kindred.

Satin models are numerous even now, not only among the little trotting frocks of dark tones, but in afternoon and evening dress as well. There is a double faced satin that shows some delightful color harmonies and is cleverly used by some designers, and there are some particularly stunning striped satins—very wide stripes of two artfully chosen colors, with brocade motifs scattered along the stripes, the whole a triumph of color handling.

Black satin is being used in enormous quantities and one designer likes to relieve his black satin by little edgings, pipings, etc., of light brown and touches of light brown fur. A good looking model of this type, which is illustrated here, is a dress of black satin with a wide, buttoned belt of fur, a detail one finds on more than one of the smartest new frocks and coats.

Evening frocks are extraordinarily eclectic, ranging through periods far removed from each other and obeying no hard and fast laws of line, material or type. First Empire influence appears in a great many of the evening models; and in light hued velvet or satin these little frocks are very likable, particularly where the skirt flares, as in the illustration of the First Empire idea, is held in some fashion about the hips and falls in soft straight folds below.

The ivory velvet of our sketch is a case in point, and with its embroidery of crystal and silver and its silvery lace about the bodice is exceedingly



A gown with medieval lines of taupe velvet tulle and fur and a Napoleonic frock of velvet striped black taffeta with a velvet jacket and a red sash.

CATS THAT UNDERSTOOD THE WAYS OF HUMANS

IF the doors of communication between cats and human beings ever swing open certain it is that they close again quickly and lucid moments pass without galvanizing the brain. Reports of the understanding by animals of something said in their presence are too authentic to be disregarded, too frequent to be dismissed as coincidence.

One day some one announced at The Lillacs that the black one of Tabby's kittens must be killed, whereupon that kitten disappeared. Tabby had hidden it. When a gun was loaded to shoot Bigfoot nothing was said in his presence, but he passed through space a gray streak, and was not seen again until the fishbone in his jaw which had puzzled us and made us fear for our safety had come out and rapid recovery had set in. He returned sane and respectable, sure of a hearty welcome. In this instance there were no spoken words, and the cat must have divined a deadly purpose against his life through an instinct for self-preservation, something like the instinct that guides birds in their migrations. It is doubtless the purpose, and not words, which animals understand.

Feline intelligence is not so nearly in touch with human thought as is that of horses, but neither man nor any other animal has more individuality than the cat. Individuality, curiosity, cunning, elusiveness, superiority, these are her characteristics. She is a cunning beast in making dupes of the human race to get milk and soft cushions. For these comforts she submits to domestic slavery, a consummate hypocrite; but not needing anything of you, she is your superior, wilful and independent. A dog may be a meek and faithful friend, considering the interests of his master and sometimes following even to death; but a cat can be only an amusing plaything who leads—you follow.

The collection of cats at The Lillacs contains historic types, from Moses, the beautiful yellow and white mystic, splendid subject for Egyptian worship, to Dandy, the veritable little black and white witch cat. Some of these pets were born on the farm, some were achieved and some were thrust upon us by people who, intelligent and sensible in other matters, are too superstitious to move a cat to a new home, and drop their unfortunate pets by the way, trusting that some kind hearted spinster will take them in.

Moses was one of the achieved cats. Leaving a home where every comfort

was his, he came to lodge in our woodshed when the mercury registered zero. He was vigorously scatted away and three times did his owner carry him back to his cushion by the fire, but three times did he return. Because of his importunity we opened our hearts and the kitchen door, both of which he entered reluctantly. No reason is evident for his conduct unless, like some boys who run away from home, he could no longer endure being surfeited with petting.

When Dandy sent the kitchen door flying open and made a grand entrance, by all tokens he should have been scatted away, but it would be a strong minded woman who could resist him when he clambered to her shoulders, put two dainty paws about her neck and pressed his little ratlike face against her cheek. Some fond mistress had taught him this pretty trick; shame to him if he had deserted her and more shame to her if she had left him by the way. Finding that his charms had won an entrance at The Lillacs, he immediately looked about for mischief and found that he could tease with impunity both Bigfoot and the hound, Hector; but to the meek and serious Moses he showed nothing but courtesy and kindness.

Bigfoot is an aristocrat from his whiskers to the tip of his beautiful gray tail, and has a conscious, well bred air of knowing that he is quite in his place when occupying the best chair and couch in the house. Eight years ago a little maiden whose cruel papa forbade the packing of her kittens with her dolls in a trunk to be checked to Oklahoma buried that kitten in her grandmother's arms with a libation of tears. He is an old, sedate cat now, still called Bigfoot, not a mouser, but a charming companion.

Tabby was the only pet successful in special notice from the farmer; to her superior intelligence he paid generous tribute. She was a barn cat who slept on the back of a cow. A particular episode in Tabby's life made her reputation. She brought three kittens back to The Lillacs from her new home, a distance of six miles. It would be interesting to know the time consumed by a cat in transporting three kittens six miles, and also to know the manner in which she did it. No data were collected, for we know only that cat and kittens disappeared from one place and appeared some time later at the other, not perceptibly travel worn. It is hardly possible that she stole a ride; more probable that she came "cross lots" and in a box line. She must have carried the kittens in her mouth one at a time, after the manner of a continuous potato race; but how long were the intervals? She must have been a very homesick cat, longing for her old familiar barn; or was it important in the mother mind that her children should be brought up in the kindly atmosphere of The Lillacs?



An evening frock of white velvet with silver, one of black silk with blue velvet and a cloak of rose and violet brocade.

LITTLE CRIPPLES CURED BY PATIENT ENDEAVOR

DOCTORS and nurses will doubtless tell you to be sure to massage and exercise your child once a day and then leave you with full directions for diet and clean, right living, but that is not enough when he is getting over an attack of infantile paralysis. In fact it is only the beginning. It takes daily and hourly effort and watchfulness to make the child use the paralyzed part and so restore it to a normal condition," says Miss Alma L. Guy, gymnastic teacher in St. Luke's Hospital. Miss Guy, working with Dr. G. Halsted Myers, also conducts a free clinic every Tuesday and Friday afternoon at the hospital for the benefit of convalescents from infantile paralysis, curvature of the spine and similar afflictions.

"The whole future of the child depends upon the intelligent supervision of the parent, nurse or whoever has the care of him. Suppose a little girl has her right arm paralyzed. Never for one minute—and when I say 'one minute' I mean 'one minute'—must she be allowed to use the left arm because it is easier. You must always insist that she make the mental effort as well as the physical effort to use the paralyzed part.

"When a child fusses or says 'can't,' the caretaker is apt to say, 'Poor little sick baby!' and let him have his own way—a most mistaken idea of kindness. A child is so wonderfully adaptable that he will let the paralyzed arm hang helpless every time and content himself with making the well arm do double duty. How I long to make every parent, every nurse, understand that they must work every minute, always encouraging, always insisting that the paralyzed part be used no matter how hard it is both on child and nurse. The child must be educated every new step of the way, every moment of the day. I have spent so much of my life working with handicapped children that I feel I cannot speak too strongly concerning the prevention of permanent paralysis.

"Here is an example. I had a very rich child under my care once who was paralyzed on the right side. He was 7 years old and his governess, feeling that a seven-year-old child should dress himself, disregarded all my advice and taught that boy to dress and undress himself, using his left hand, praising him 'because he was so big.' After that I could never teach that right hand to button or unbutton.

"I had a large pencil made in the hope that he would try to write. I did not care if it took years, so long

as he tried to make that small movement with his fingers. I told him to be able to write and no parent could stand having her child considered as brighter than her neighbors, he was encouraged to write with the right hand. So all my work was of no avail. That child had educated himself, a seven-year-old child, and his parents, a devoted mother and father, did for him that money, doctors and nurses could give—according to belief, but he remained a cripple who that might have been prevented.

"Quite a different case is that of a poor little paralyzed two-year-old whose big-hearted, uneducated mother brought him to our free clinic at St. Luke's. We treated him twice a week and did our best to educate his mother by improving her mind that the little fellow was made to exercise and to want to exercise his body. Johnny's improvement was most gratifying. His mother praised his mother and asked me how she was getting such good results. She learned on me and replied, 'You see, dearie, I rub him all over the top of his arms and legs and his Johnny climbs up to look at me.' The mother was not satisfied with the result, but she was getting on her feet. Many others might be helped if grown-ups in charge of them would insist on both the mental and physical efforts and make the child use the paralyzed member steadily and fearlessly. For no matter how much sense it may seem, or how much it may be, the prevention of a crippling is surely worth the effort.

How to Judge a Woman by Her Hair

There are always the well-known and semi-humorous methods of judging a woman by her hair. As saying brunettes are quick-witted, blondes are slow-witted, and red-heads are just nothing whether the hair is well kept to judge a woman's neatness. If you are one of the few who try to make the most of your hair, remember that it is not advisable to wash the hair with any cleanser made for all purposes. It always use some good preparation made expressly for shampooing. You can enjoy the very best of both by getting some canthrox from your druggist and dissolving a teaspoonful in a cup of hot water when you shampoo. The hair dries rapidly with uniform color. Dandruff, excess oil and dirt are dissolved and entirely disappear. Your hair will be so fluffy that it will look much heavier than it is. Its lustre and softness will also be gained, while the health insures hair growth.—Adv.

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